nough to be the decay of luſt and late-walking through the Realme.

Miſ. Page. Why Sir *Iohn*, doe you thinke though wee would haue thruſt vertue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and haue giuen our ſelues without ſcruple to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Miſ. Page. A puſt man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrailes?

Ford. And one that is ſlanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as Iob?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Euan. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and ſwearings, and ſtarings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you haue the ſtart of me, I am deiected: I am not able to anſwer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it ſelfe is plummet ore me, vſe mee as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windſor to one Maſter *Broome*, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom you ſhould haue bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you haue ſuffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou ſhalt eat a poſſet to night at my houſe, where *I* will deſire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes at thee: Tell her Maſter *Slender* hath married her daughter.

Miſ. Ford. Doctors doubt that;
If *Anne Page* be my daughter, ſhe is (by this) Doctour *Caius* wife.

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*,

Page. Sonne? How now Sonne.
Haue you diſpatch'd?

Slen.

Slen. Diſpatch'd? Ile make th
on't: would I were hang'd la, el

Page. Of what ſonne?

Slen. I came yonder at *E*
Page, and ſhe's a great lubberly
ſth' Church, I would haue ſw
haue ſwing'd me. If I did not
Page, would I might neuer ſti
Boy.

Page. Vpon my life then, you

Slen. What neede you tell me
I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I h
all hee was in womans apparre
him.

Page. Why this is your owne
Did not I tell you how you ſh
By her garments?

Slen. I went to her in greene
cride budget, as *Anne* and I ha
not *Anne*, but a Poſt-maſters bo

M. Page. Good *George* be n
purpoſe: turn'd my daughter
is now with the Doctor at
married.

Cai. Ver is Miſtris *Page*: by
ried oon Garſoon, a boy; oon p
An Page, by gar, *I* am cozened.

Miſ. Page. Why? did you tak

Cai. *I* bee gar, and 'tis a
Windſor.

Ford. This is ſtrange: Who

Page. My heart miſgiues me
How now Maſter *Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon good father,

Page. Now Miſtris;
How chance you went not wit

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